

# BIG SHOT

NOVEMBER 1941

10c

No. 19

## Comics

ANOTHER SENSATIONAL,  
ACTION-PACKED  
EPISODE OF

**THE FACE!**

PLUS

JOE PALOOKA    THE SKYMAN  
CAPTAIN DEVILDOG  
SPY-CHIEF    SPARKY WATTS  
CHARLIE CHAN    ROCKY RYAN



AMERICA'S FINEST COMIC FEATURES!





**WEB COMIC  
UNIVERSE.COM**



# KID KOMICS

by McGill



BUT I HAVEN'T GOT ANY MONEY - I'M JES PRACTICIN' UP TO BE A COP -



DON'T CRY SONNY - MOTHER WILL BE HOME SOON



HE BROKE HIS HIND LEG AND COULDN'T WALK, BUT I FIXED HIM -

IT'S THE ONLY WAY I COULD GET HIM TO EAT HIS MEALS REGULAR



IS THIS THE AMERICAN RED CROSS? - WELL, PLEASE HURRY! - A TERRIBLE THING JUST HAPPENED!



HE SHOULD WORRY, IF WE EVER HAVE AN AIR RAID - HUH?

5.

VINCENT SULLIVAN, Editor

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**BE FIRST IN YOUR NEIGHBORHOOD**





The

# SKYMAN

by PAUL DEAN



GUARDIAN OF THE AIRWAYS OF AMERICA, THE SKYMAN CRUISES IN HIS FLEET WING -- AND COMES FACE TO FACE WITH CRIME, AS THE MIGHTY KELRO DAM EXPLODES.

GOT TO LEARN MORE ABOUT THIS!



A THOROUGH SEARCH REVEALS -- NOTHING -- NOT A THING! NOT EVEN THE FRAGMENTS OF A BOMBSHELL! WHOEVER DID THIS, APPARENTLY HAS DISCOVERED A NEW WAY TO BLOW UP THINGS!



WOW, WHAT AN EXPLOSION THAT WAS! MAYBE I CAN FIND SOME SOUVENIRS TO SELL!

GOT TO BE ON MY WAY! HAVE A DATE WITH FAWN TO-NIGHT!





# BIG SHOT COMICS



THE HOURS PASS! IT IS NIGHT! IN THE DARKNESS, THE SMALL IDOL BEGINS TO GLOW WEIRDLY.-----



ALLAN TURNER'S KEEN EYES, SIGHT THE TUMBLED IDOL ---





# BIG SHOT COMICS

YOU'RE ALWAYS THINKING OF YOURSELF! I'M GOING TO STAY HERE AND LOOK AROUND! YOU RUN ALONG TO YOUR CLUB! I'LL MEET YOU LATER!

HMM! NOT A BAD IDEA, AT THAT! SEE YOU LATER!



BUT ALLAN TURNER HAS NO INTENTION OF GOING TO HIS CLUB---

IT'S ONLY A SKIP AND A JUMP TO THE SKYDROME FROM HERE! IT WILL BE BETTER FOR ALLAN TURNER, IF THE SKYMAN GOES TO WORK ON THAT QUEER LOOKING STATUE---



A FEW MILES FROM THE EXPLOSION, IN A BIG CITY MANSION---

FOOLS THAT MEN ARE! IF ANY OF THEM HAD ANY BRAINS, THEY'D KNOW THAT, THAT WHITE IDOL OF MINE, CAUSES ALL THESE EXPLOSIONS! BUT THEY'LL NEVER KNOW! NOW I'VE GOT TO FIND OUT WHERE IT IS!



MY IDOL LOOKS LIKE ONYX, BUT IT IS AN ALLOY SUBSTANCE, THAT GIVES OFF AN EXPLOSIVE RAY, THAT BLOWS UP THE ATOMS OF THE AIR, WHEN I FOCUS THIS MACHINE ON IT!



SOME FOOL BOY PICKED UP THAT IDOL AT THE DAM, I SUPPOSE! IT WAS GONE WHEN I GOT THERE, TO GET IT! I THINK THE NEWS BROADCAST WILL TELL OF A **NEW** EXPLOSION TONIGHT! WHEN IT DOES, I'LL GO THERE AND GET MY IDOL BACK AGAIN!



STATION WBSC NEWS FLASH! ANOTHER IN THE SERIES OF MYSTERIOUS EXPLOSIONS, THAT HAVE ALREADY BLOWN UP A DAM, AN ELECTRICAL COMPANY AND A POWER STATION, HAS BLOWN UP A JUNK STORE AT PINE STREET---



AS THE TWISTED FORM OF HUMPY HUDSON STARTS OUT FOR THE STORE, A PLANE FLIES OVERHEAD—THE WING!

ONLY TAKE ME A FEW SECONDS TO DRIVE OVER THERE AND GET BACK MY LITTLE IDOL



BUT THE SKYMAN IS MUCH FASTER—

I MUST GET THAT IDOL AND FIND OUT WHY, ALTHOUGH IT WAS RIGHT IN THE CENTER OF THE FORCE, THAT BLEW UP THE STORE IT WAS—**UNHARMED!**





# BIG SHOT COMICS





# BIG SHOT COMICS

AT THE SKYDROME, UNAWARE OF WHAT IS BEING SAID ABOUT HIM ———

I'VE TESTED THIS THING EVERY WAY I KNOW HOW! IT'S SOMETHING NEW AND DIFFERENT! LOOKS LIKE WHITE ONYX, BUT IT ISN'T! IT SEEMS TO GIVE OFF QUEER RAYS!



I WISH I KNEW THE SECRET OF THIS THING! I'VE A FEELING IT'S GOT SOMETHING TO DO WITH THOSE STRANGE EXPLOSIONS — — —



AS THE SKYMAN CARELESSLY HANDLES THE IDOL, THE BRILLIANT BUT EVIL HUMPTY, PREPARES TO BLOW UP THE AIR AROUND IT!

I'LL SMASH THAT SKYMAN TO BITS AND GET HIM OUT OF MY WAY! THEN I'LL GET MY IDOL, AND START IN ALL OVER AGAIN!



WHEN THESE RADIOTIC WAVES STRIKE MY IDOL, IT WILL GLOW — AND THE AIR AROUND IT, WILL EXPLODE!



ONE MORE TEST, THEN I'LL CALL IT A DAY —



IT-IT'S STARTING TO GLOW!



GLOWING AND PULSATING, AS THOUGH WITH LIFE, THE IDOL GLEAMS — — —





# BIG SHOT COMICS

IT FAILS TO EXPLODE — — —

CERTAINLY! THAT EXPLAINS IT! I PUT IT IN A **VACUUM JAR!** THERE WAS NO AIR AROUND IT, AND IT DIDN'T CAUSE ANYTHING TO BLOW UP! I THINK I'VE DISCOVERED ITS SECRET!



I'LL PUT THIS IDOL IN AN OLD SHACK AND WATCH DEVELOPMENTS! BUT UNTIL I'M READY TO LET IT BLOW UP THE AIR AROUND IT, I'LL KEEP IT SAFE IN THE **VACUUM JAR!**



I SAT UP ALL NIGHT, LISTENING TO NEWS FLASHES OVER THE RADIO! I GOT EVERY PAPER THAT'S PRINTED - AND STILL I FIND NOTHING ABOUT ANY EXPLOSION, AFTER I BLEW UP THE **JUNK STORE!**



THIS SKYMAN IS A CLEVER MAN, BUT I CAN BE EVEN MORE CLEVER! I'LL KEEP SENDING THOSE RADIOTIC WAVES, EVERY TEN MINUTES, UNTIL I LEARN THAT SOMETHING **DOES** GO UP WITH A **'BANG!'**



NERVOUS AND DISTROUGHT, FAWN SEARCHES EVERYWHERE FOR THE SKYMAN —

HE USUALLY TRAVELS ALONG THE COAST AT THIS TIME OF DAY! I'VE **GOT TO FIND HIM!** TO TELL HIM WHAT THE NEWSPAPERS ARE PRINTING ABOUT HIM!



A LIE, BUT NO ONE WILL LISTEN TO ME, AND HE ISN'T HERE TO DEFEND HIMSELF



WHY - THERE HE IS! **SKYMAN!** OH, SKYMAN!

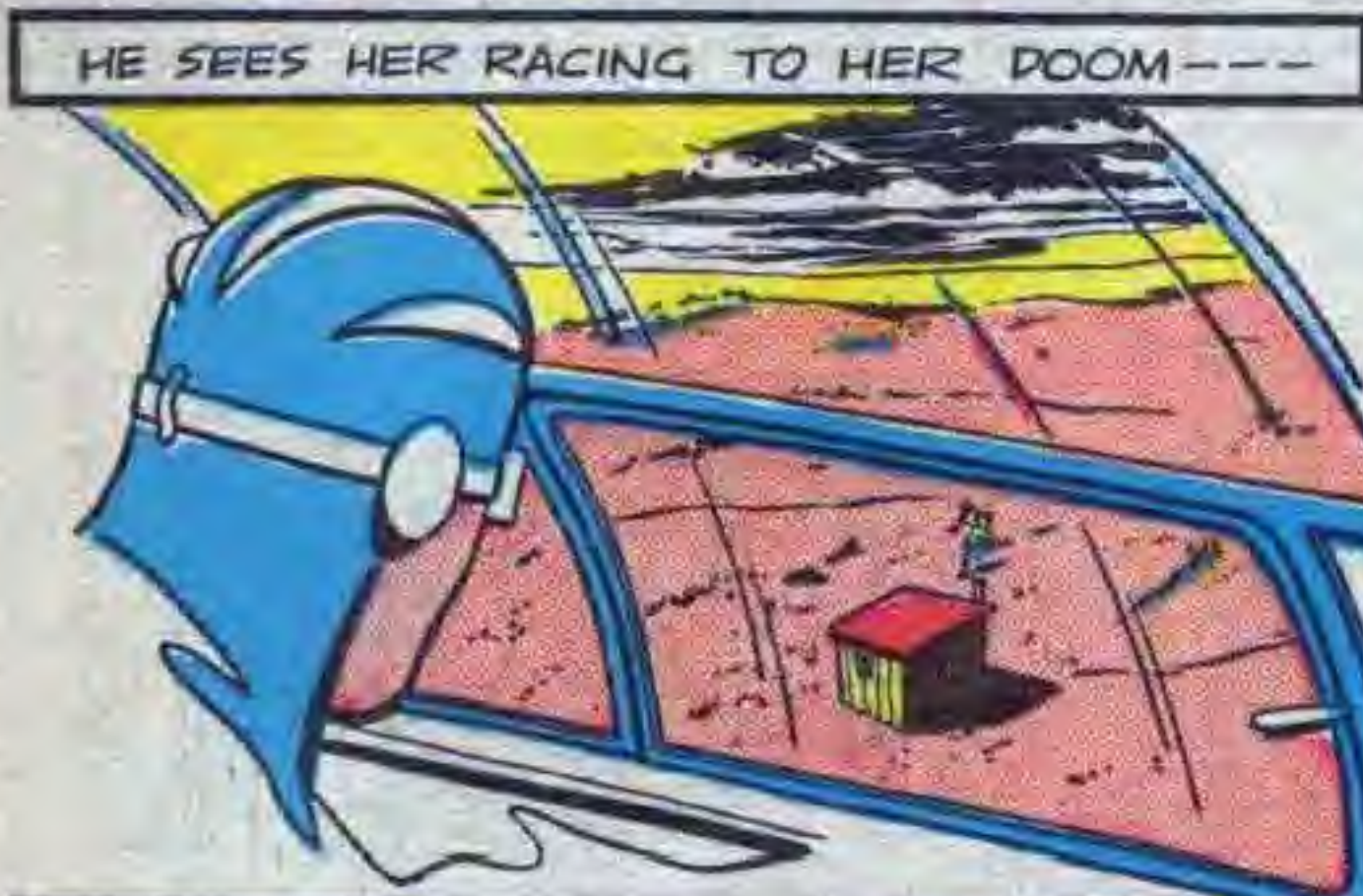


OH! THE IDOL IS STARTING TO GLOW! I'D BETTER CLEAR OUT OF HERE! IT'LL BLOW UP IN A MOMENT!





# BIG SHOT COMICS





# BIG SHOT COMICS

BLASTED BY THE TERRIFIC CONCUSSION, THE WING DIVES EARTHWARD, AS THE SKYMAN AND FAWN, ARE KNOCKED UNCONSCIOUS — — —



THE ECHOES OF THE EXPLOSION, DIE AWAY — TWO FIGURES LIE WITHOUT MOVEMENT, SOME DISTANCE AWAY FROM THE BLASTED SHACK — — —



A STRANGE, UNEXPLAINABLE EXPLOSION, SHOOK AN UNTENANTED SHACK ON THE SOUND THIS MORNING!

SO THAT'S WHERE HE LEFT MY IDOL! I'VE GOT TO GO AND GET IT BACK!



NO MAN CAN BEAT ME! MY INVENTION IS TOO GREAT! NOW I CAN FORCE THOSE UTILITIES TO PAY ME MONEY, OR I'LL BLAST THEIR PROPERTIES TO BITS!



ALL THE CURIOSITY SEEKERS SEEM TO HAVE COME AND GONE — BUT NONE OF THEM DISCOVERED MY LITTLE IDOL!



WITH THIS WEAPON OF MINE, I CAN BLOW UP EVEN THE CAPITOL AT WASHINGTON. IF I WANTED TO! I'LL BE WEALTHY JUST AS SOON AS I GET IN TOUCH WITH THOSE BIG UTILITIES!



A FEW HUNDRED YARDS AWAY — — —

WHAT — WHAT HAPPENED? OH! THE SHACK EXPLODED!



SHE'S OUT COLD! BUT I THINK THAT A LITTLE FIRST AID WILL BRING HER AROUND!









# BIG SHOT COMICS





# BIG SHOT COMICS

I'M GOING ALONG WITH YOU! I WANT TO BE THERE WHEN THAT MAN IS CAPTURED!



SKYMAN! A COP IS FOLLOWING US! WITH THAT HORRIBLE "HUMPY" MAN, WHO THINKS YOU WERE THE CAUSE OF THOSE BOMBINGS!



LOOK OUT! HE'S GOT A GUN!

BUT I WON'T HAVE TO USE IT!



WILL I, HUMPY?

I— AAGHH! HE'S GOT ME!



HEY, I'M ARRESTING YOU, SKYMAN!

IS HE HUMPY? OR IS HE ARRESTING YOU?

NOOO! I—OW!



I—I'M THE MAN YOU WANT! I CAUSED THOSE EXPLOSIONS! THE SKYMAN WAS AFTER ME, SO I ACCUSED HIM! I GUESS HE WAS A LITTLE TOO MUCH FOR ME!

GOLLY, THAT'S A RELIEF TO ME, SKYMAN! I NEVER THOUGHT YOU'D DO ANYTHING LIKE THAT!



*Golden Opportunity*



HEY FELLOWS

A COMPLETE BOOK OF THE FACE!

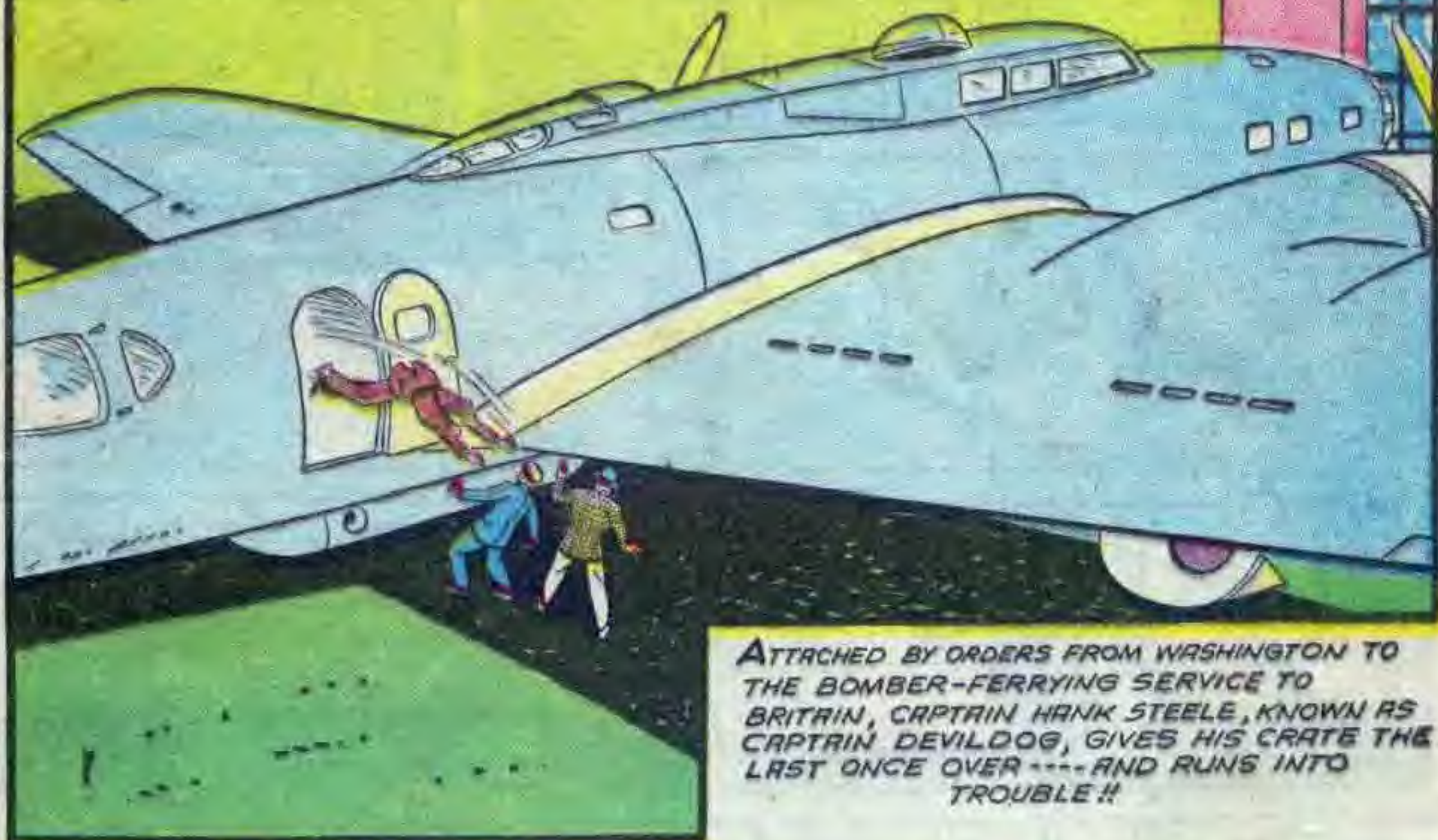
Soon on sale at all newsstands!





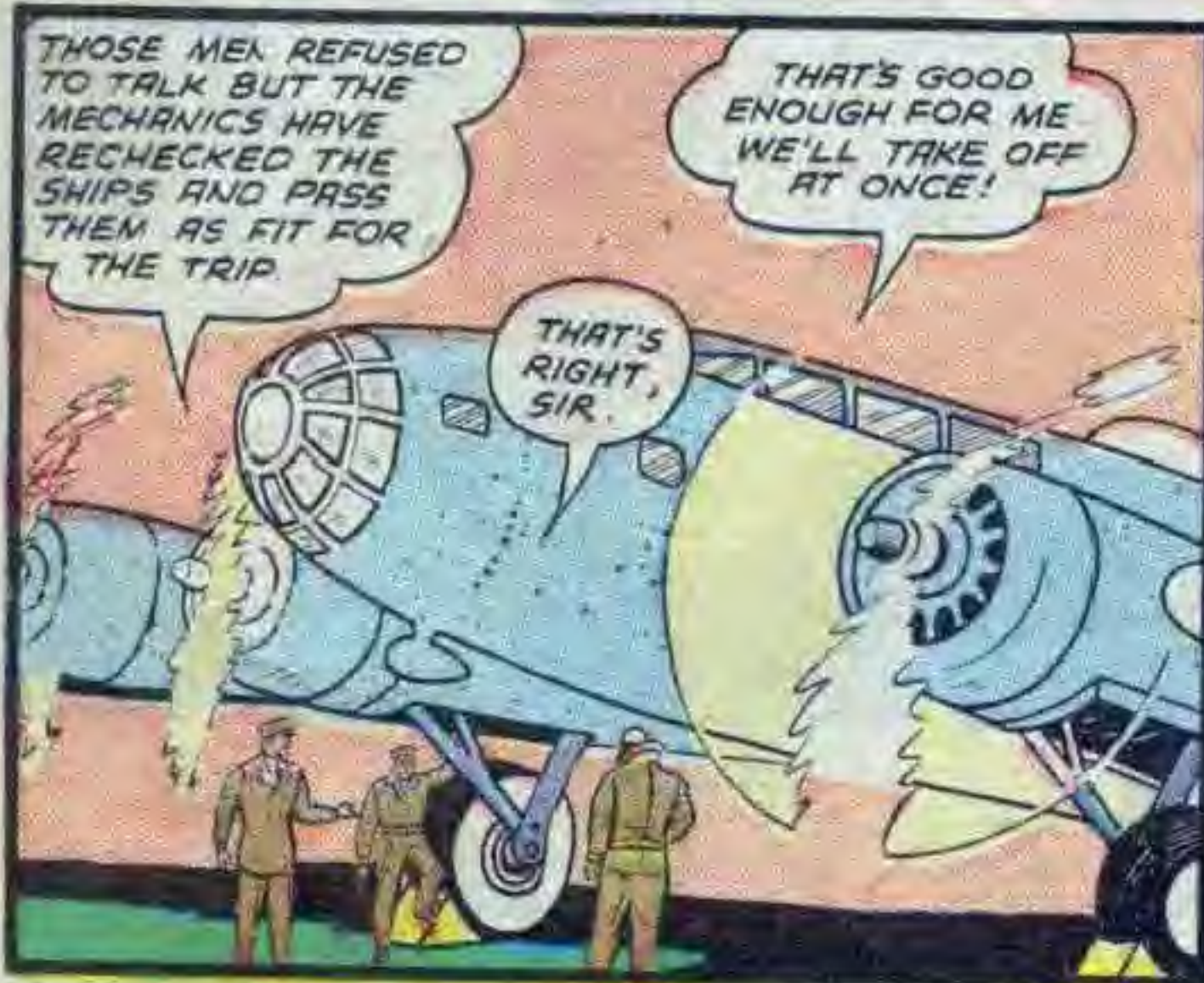
# CAPTAIN DEVILDOG

## OF THE U.S. MARINES

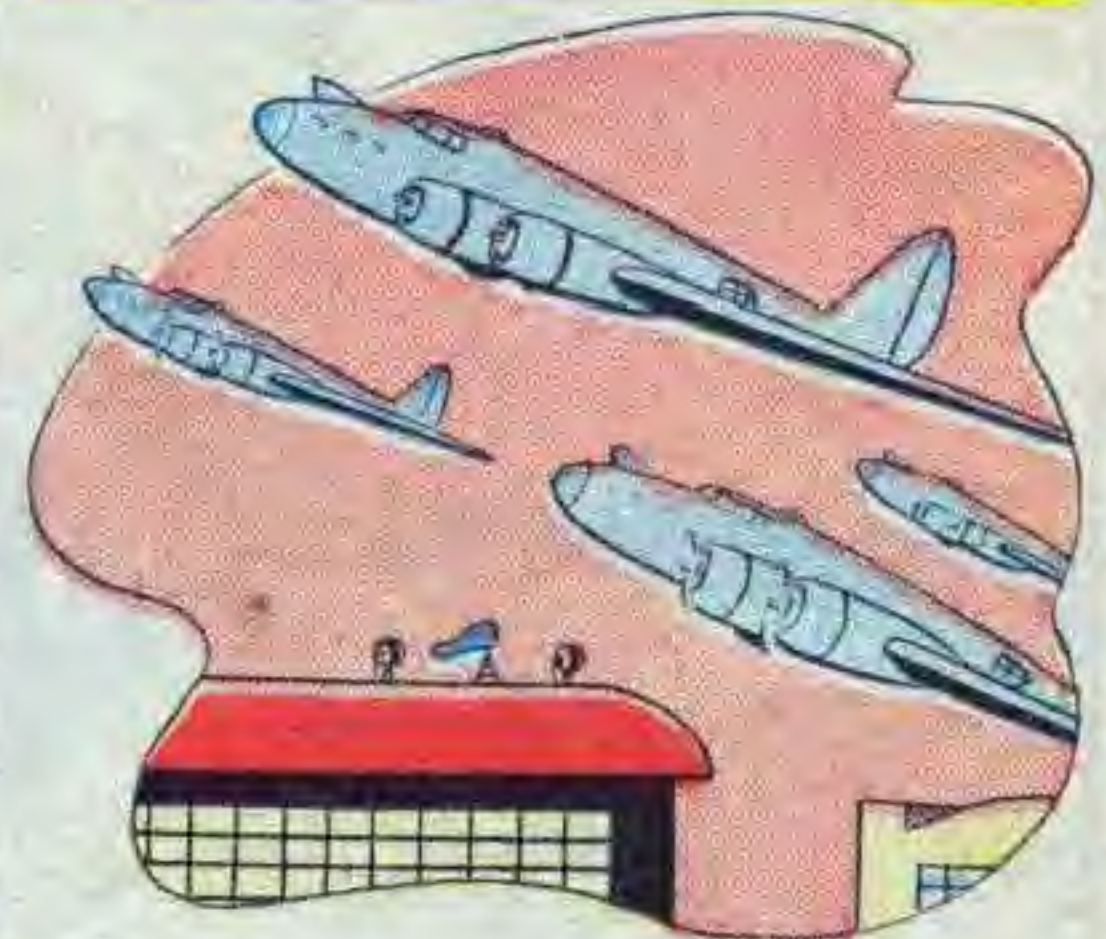




# BIG SHOT COMICS



WITH THEIR POWERFUL MOTORS DRONING, THE BIG BOMBERS LIFT SLOWLY INTO THE SKY.



I HOPE SO, BUT I'VE A FUNNY FEELING THAT SOMETHING IS WRONG... BUT WE CAN'T LOCATE IT...





# BIG SHOT COMICS





# BIG SHOT COMICS



BULL'S-EYE! I COULD USE THAT MACHINE GUN HE'S TOTING, TOO! COVER ME, BOYS!

UNDER THE WITHERING FIRE THAT HIS PILOTS POUR INTO THE ENEMY, CAPTAIN DEVILDOG MAKES A DARING ADVANCE.....



THIS IS HOTTER THAN AN ARIZONA DESERT! I'M KEEPING COOL BECAUSE THE BREEZE OF THOSE BULLETS KEEPS ME COOL!



GIFF ME DOT GUN!

OH, YOU WANT IT? IN THAT CASE---



HERE'S THE GUN WITH MY COMPLIMENTS!

OH-H!



NOW WE'LL SEE HOW THEY LIKE THEIR OWN BULLETS TURNED BACK ON THEM!



THEY AREN'T SO ANXIOUS TO COME AND GET US WITH ONE OF THESE BABIES IN OUR POSSESSION!



WE'VE GOT TO GET THOSE AVIATORS BEFORE THEY WIRELESS THE UNITED STATES TO REINFORCE THEM WE MUST ATTACK!



# BIG SHOT COMICS

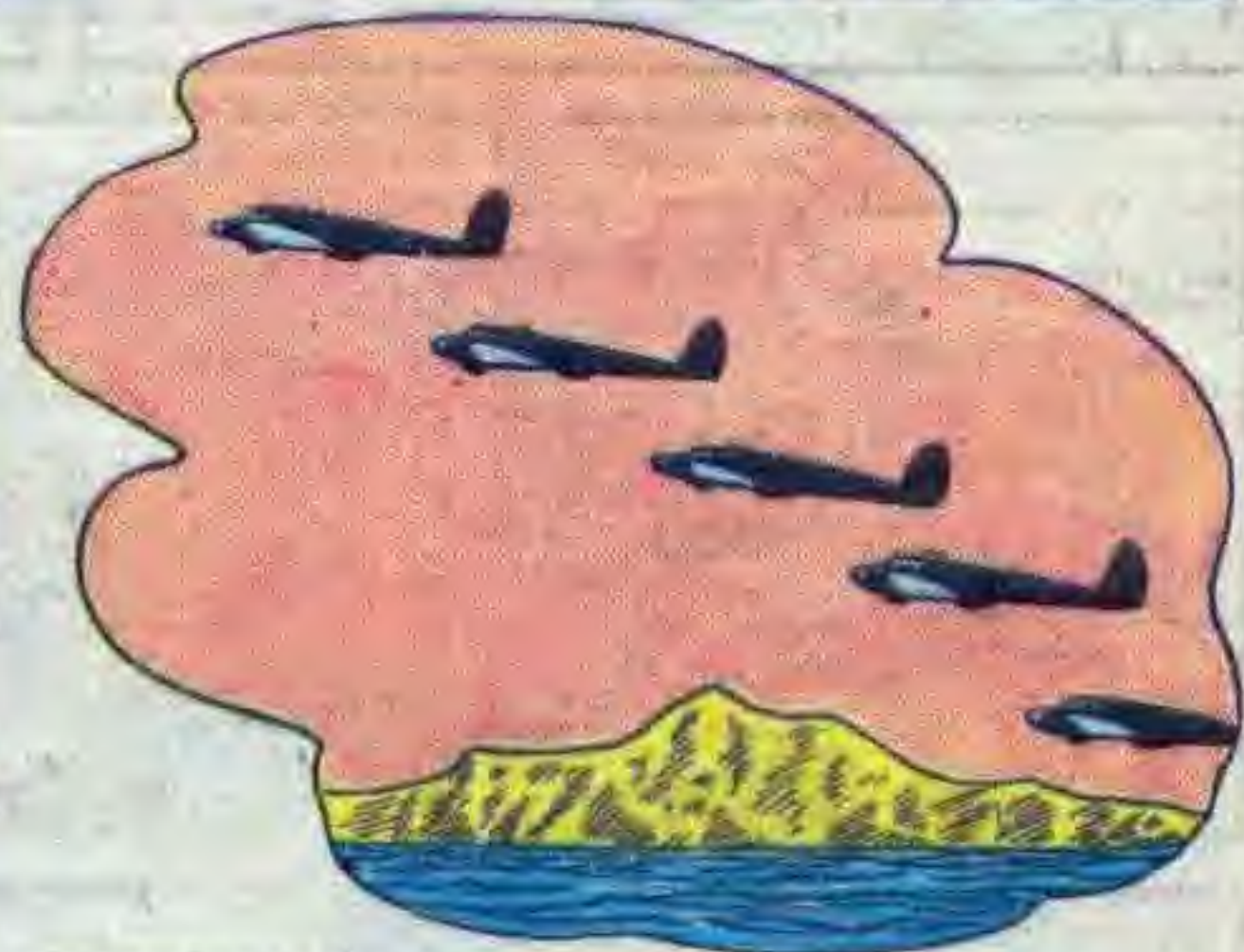


RECKLESSLY THE OUTNUMBERED AMERICAN AVIATORS LEAP TO MEET THE CHARGE!





# BIG SHOT COMICS



REFUELING AT ICELAND, THE GIANT BOMBERS ONCE AGAIN RESUME THEIR FLIGHT-----



WE WONDER TOO... BUT WE'LL HAVE TO WAIT UNTIL NEXT MONTH TO FIND OUT. READ THAT MESSAGE WITH CAPTAIN DEVILDOG IN-----

**BIG SHOT COMICS!!!**



# DIXIE DUGAN

By J. P. McEVOY and J. H. STRIEBEL







# JOE PALOOKA

AFTER REGAINING HIS MEMORY, KNOBBY IS RE-INSTATED BY THE BOXING COMMISSION AND IS ONCE MORE JOE'S MANAGER.





# BIG SHOT COMICS

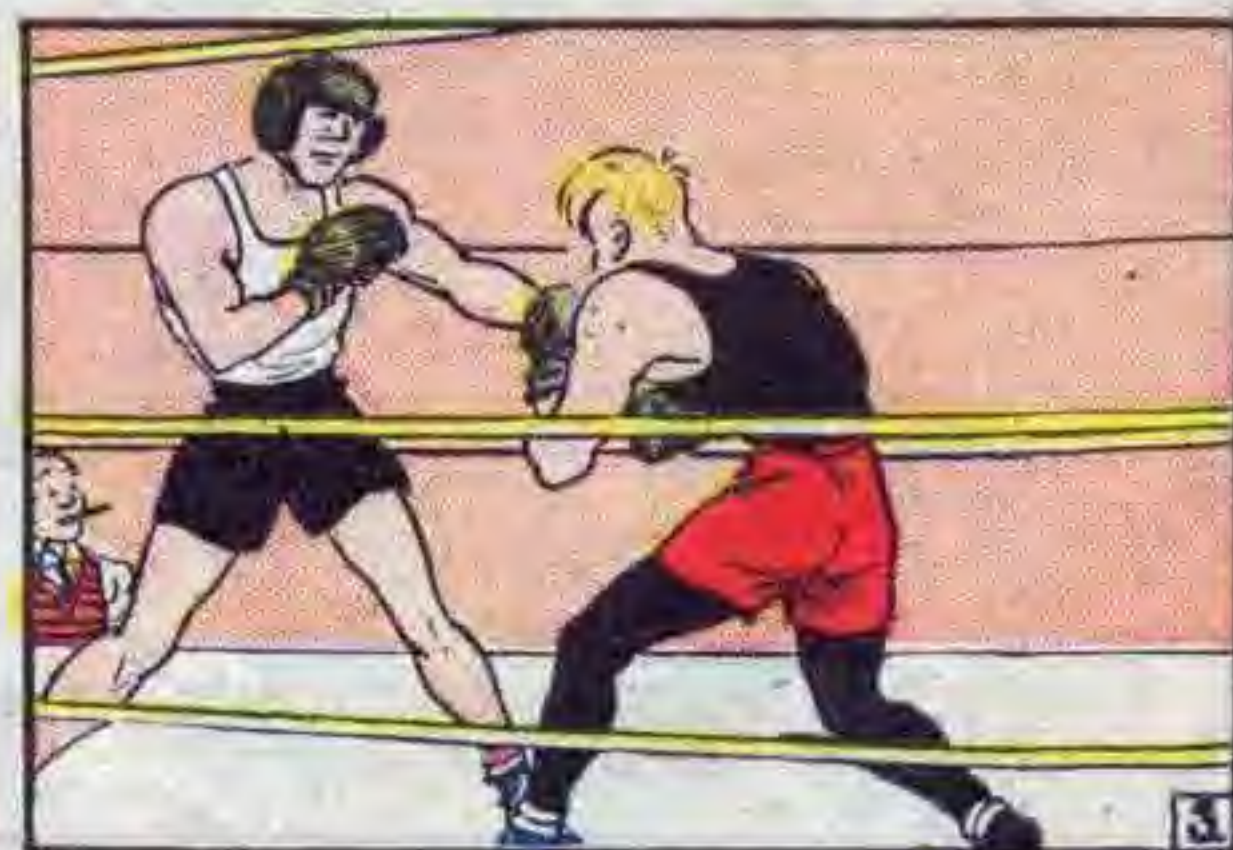




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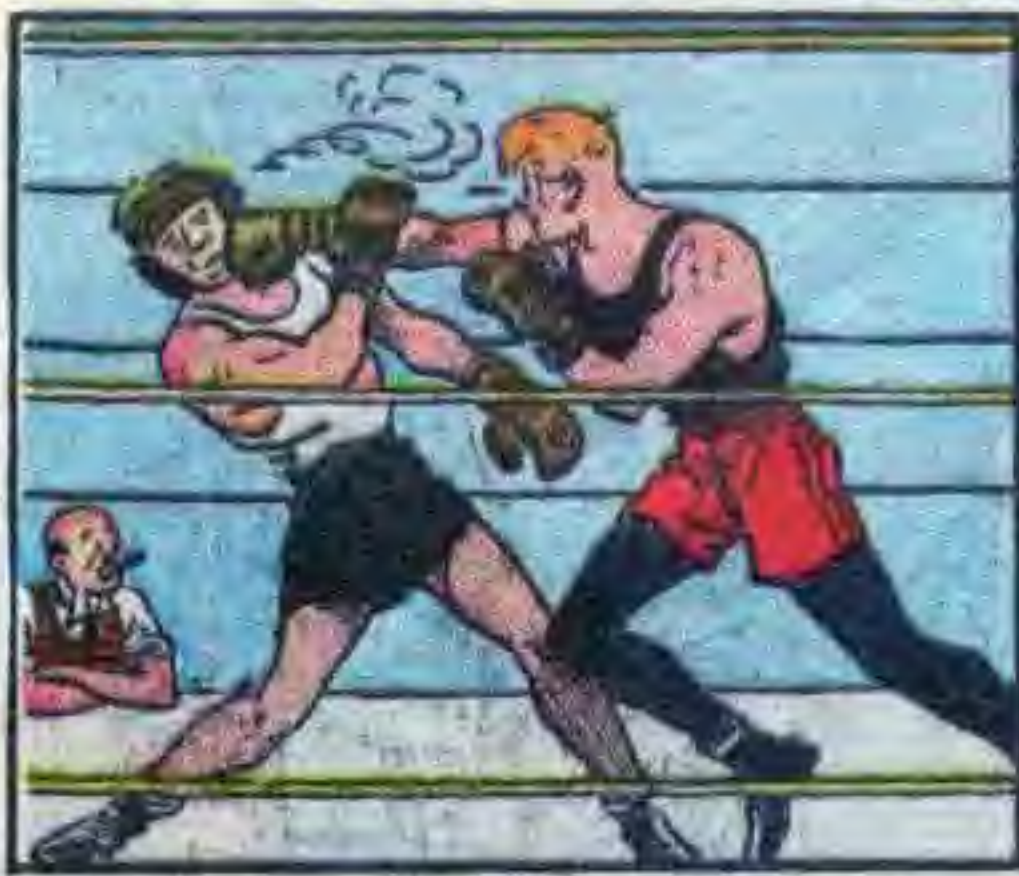


KNOBBY HAS TAKEN A HOUSE NEAR ASBURY PARK FOR TRAINING QUARTERS. AN ARENA HAS BEEN ERECTED NEAR THE BOARDWALK AND A DOLLAR ADMISSION WILL BE CHARGED TO WATCH JOE BOX.



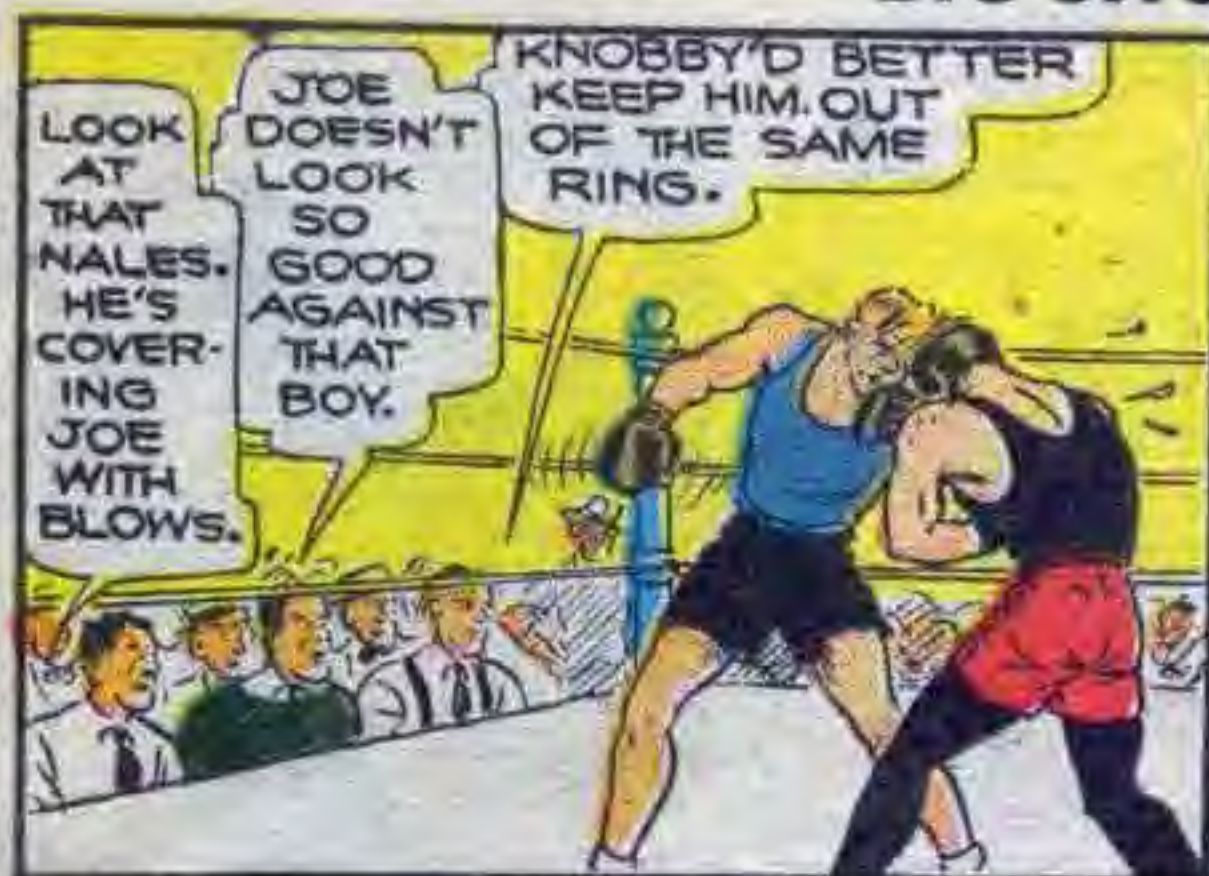


# BIG SHOT COMICS





# BIG SHOT COMICS





# BIG SHOT COMICS



**M**ORE NEXT MONTH....



# SPY-CHIEF

**A**FTER SAVING THE PANAMA CANAL FROM BEING BLOCKED BY PREVENTING A MERCHANT VESSEL FROM BEING SUNK, THE CLOAK IS TRAPPED IN A FLAMING VESSEL WHILE THE COLONEL IS CAPTURED, STRAPPED TO A LOG, AND PUSHED INTO THE FOAMING RIVER TO FACE DEATH AT THE FALLS ----



THE LOG SPEEDS DOWN TOWARD THE VICIOUS FALLS--



DEATH BECKONS THE COLONEL AS THE LOG GOES OVER!



AT THAT MOMENT--





# BIG SHOT COMICS

**O**VER THE RAGING TORRENT  
SAILS THE CLOAK

HE'S GOING—  
OVER!



I CAN SHIFT HIM  
ONTO THE ROCK!  
THAT'LL HOLD HIM—



I'M WITH YOU,  
COLONEL!  
HANG ON!

I'M TRYING,  
CLOAK!



NOW THAT I'M SAFE,  
WE'RE STILL BOTH  
IN DANGER! HOW'RE  
WE GOING TO GET  
OFF THIS ROCK?

WE'RE  
GOING  
BACK UP  
THE RAPIDS  
WE'VE GOT TO  
SWIM FOR IT!



**B**UFFETING THE SWIRLING  
WATERS THE CLOAK AND THE  
COLONEL SWIM CROSSCURRENT—

ONLY A LITTLE—  
MORE TO GO!



THAT VILLIAN  
VON GRATZOFF HAS  
TO BE STOPPED!  
I'M GOING AFTER  
HIM— INTO THE  
INTERIOR!

BUT HE'S PROBABLY  
GOING TO AROUSE  
THE NATIVE TRIBES!  
IF HE DOES THAT—  
YOU'LL LOSE YOUR  
LIFE IN THERE!

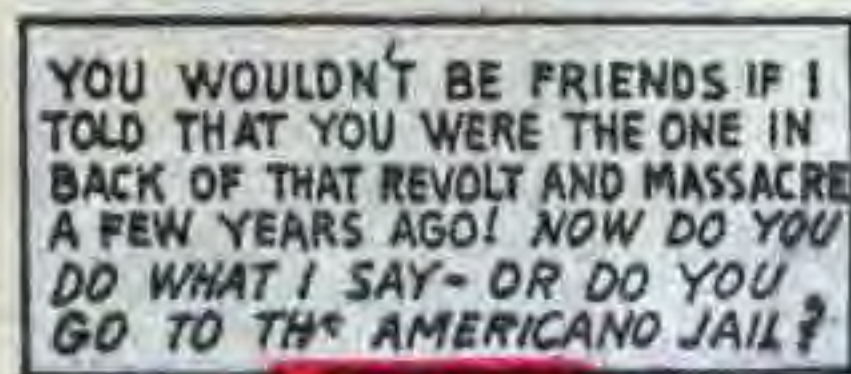


I'VE GONE UP AGAINST  
DANGER BEFORE. IT'S  
NOTHING NEW! WHEN  
YOU SERVE YOUR COUNTRY  
AS I DO, IT'S WHAT  
YOU GET TO EXPECT!





# BIG SHOT COMICS



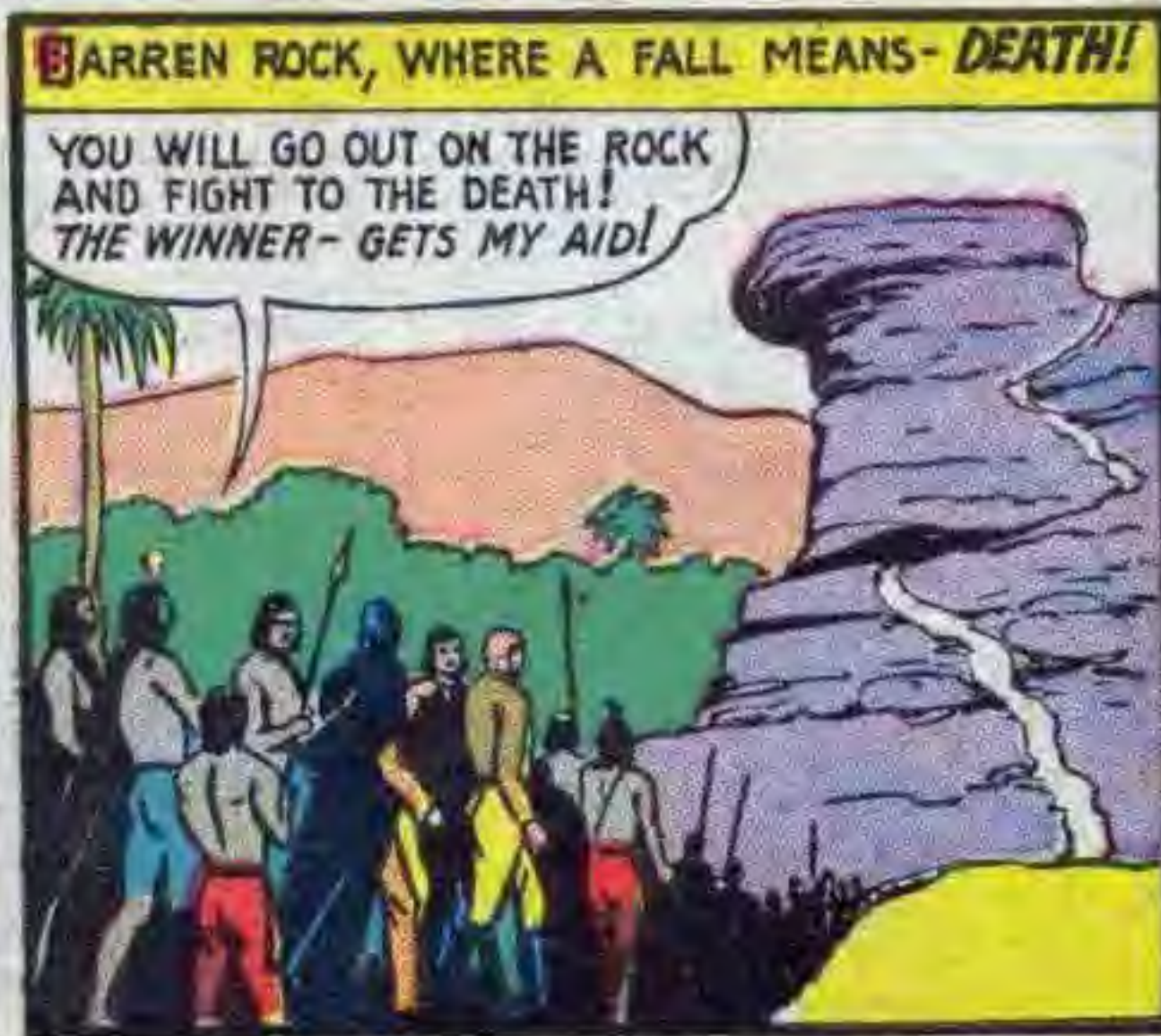


# BIG SHOT COMICS





# BIG SHOT COMICS





# BIG SHOT COMICS

THE FIGHTERS CIRCLE WARILY  
READY FOR A STRUGGLE TO THE  
FINISH!



VON GRATZOFF DRAWS A HUNTING  
KNIFE AS HE LEAPS AT THE CLOAK!

NO WEAPONS ARE  
ALLOWED BUT AFTER  
I KILL YOU, DARA WILL  
FORGET THAT!

YOU CAN'T  
EVEN FIGHT  
FAIR, CAN YOU?



BACKING UP FOR LEG ROOM  
HE TRIPS!

I HAVE YOU  
NOW!

THAT PEBBLE - MAY  
MEAN THE DIFFERENCE  
BETWEEN A FREE  
AMERICA AND A  
CONQUERED ONE!



OH!

NOW WE'LL  
TRY A  
TRICK OF  
OUR OWN!



TWISTING ON THE ROCK, THE CLOAK STIFFENS HIS  
LEGS AND PROPELS VON GRATZOFF OUT OVER  
THE DEEP CANYON!

HEAVE HO!

AAAAAGH!



YOU HAVE WON,  
CLOAK. ALWAYS  
WITH CHIEF DARA  
GIVE TO THE AMERICANS  
HIS FRIENDSHIP!

THAT WAS A  
TOUGH MOMENT  
ON THAT ROCK  
CHIEF - BUT IT  
WAS WORTH IT!



BACK IN PANAMA, JEFF CARDIFF (THE CLOAK)  
REPORTS HIS SUCCESS!

THE POWER OF THE  
ENEMY HAS BEEN  
BROKEN IN CENTRAL  
AMERICA, SIR!

GREAT WORK, JEFF!  
YOU'RE ENTITLED TO  
A VACATION AFTER  
THAT BIT OF SERVICE  
TO YOUR COUNTRY



READ  
SPY CHIEF  
IN  
BIG SHOT  
COMICS  
FOR DARING  
ADVENTURES  
FIGHTING THE  
ENEMIES OF  
AMERICA



## MORNING EXERCISE FOR

THE

## SKYMAN

by  
Paul Dean

**M**IDWAY down the "Personal Notice" column in the morning paper, Allan Turner spotted a small article that contained the word *Skyman*. His steel-blue eyes read the paragraph carefully:

*Skyman: For your information it might be advisable to acquaint yourself with the utility system of this city. Electricity and the Initials R. M. should be sufficient lead for you, Skyman.*

That was all, not even a hint as to who the author of the cryptic message was. "It may be a true lead to something important for all its mystery," Allan commented. "So methinks I'll hop to the job right away."

In the large laboratory and office adjoining the hangar where the powerful *Wing* was housed, Allan opened several volumes and gleaned through the long lists of names that filled the pages. Presently he halted, his finger pressed beneath the printed name of "Roger Meagle, President of the Inter-City Light and Power Company."

"That must be the fellow—he's the only one fitting those initials."

During the lapse of a minute or so, a remarkable change occurred. Allan opened a closet, took out a uniform and cape of brilliant red and blue and soon stood fully costumed in the striking garments of the Skyman.

In a holster by his side hung his *stasimatic*, a strange weapon of his own invention that had many times saved him from injury and horrible death.

He pressed a hidden button and the huge doors of the air-drome slid silently back. Leaping into the cabin of the *Wing*, he adjusted the controls and the twin motors immediately filled the enclosure with the hum of their unleashed power. The plane rolled out into the morning sunlight, raced across the green field and lifted itself into the air. Climbing to 10,000 to avoid detection, Allan Turner, now the colorful Skyman, headed the *Wing* toward the pine-covered mountains in the northern section of the state.

"Roger Meagle has a fishing and hunting lodge up on Lake Crystal and I remember reading only yesterday that he left to spend a few weeks up there."

The distance of 300 miles was a mere nothing to the fleet *Wing* and within the hour the Skyman was cruising leisurely over the lake-speckled mountain range. As far as the eye could see, green pine trees covered the slopes of the rugged mountains. And it was with a certain amount of surprise that the Skyman, gazing down on the emerald foliage, caught the glare of reflected sunlight—a sharp beam that flashed on and off with code-like precision.

"That's what it is, all right—somebody's flashing a message." He paused as he read the series of long and short beams of light. "Someone's in trouble—needs help immediately. Guess I'll drop down and see what's going on."

He circled the *Wing* and descended swiftly in a wide arc. Levelling off about thirty feet above the spot where the mysterious flashes emanated, he brought the plane to a halt—performing a modern miracle of science by making the ship remain motionless in mid-air. This he accomplished by utilizing the magnetic attractions of the North and South poles.

Opening the cabin door, he gazed down and perceived the figure of a man, frantically waving a handkerchief. By his feet lay the still form of another man. The Skyman lost no time; he dropped a good length of rope from the *Wing* and, grasping it, slid down to the ground.

"Thank goodness you came—I'd given up all hope." The man who had been waving the cloth staggered weakly to the Skyman's side. "My friend and I—we've been wandering around for three days—lost."

"Better take a look at him," suggested the Skyman, and he knelt down by the prone figure on the ground. And at that moment something hit him on the head with tremendous force—his



# BIG SHOT COMICS



vision reeled and blackened and he fell forward, unconscious.

The man lying on the ground arose, brushed himself and smiled evilly. "That was easier than I thought—he certainly fell for that hook, line and sinker."

"What'll we do about the plane up there?" inquired the first man, pointing to the *Wing* overhead.

"Let Meagle worry about that," the second man replied, lifting the limp form of the Skyman over his shoulder. "All we're getting paid for is to bring the Skyman to his lodge—and that's just what we're doing."

**FIFTEEN** minutes later a dark sedan pulled up in front of Meagle's hunting lodge, a sprawling log-constructed building set close by the lapping waters of Lake Crystal. The noise of the car brought a short, stocky man to the veranda.

"Well, we nabbed him, all right," the driver gloated. "He's dumped in the back seat, Mr. Meagle."

"Fine. Cart him in and tie him up—so he can't get away." The portly executive of the Inter-City Light and Power Company turned and strode into the lodge. The two men in the car, grasping the still-limp form of the Skyman, dragged him into the comfortably furnished living room. They slumped him onto a chair and proceeded to bind him with stout rope.

Meagle and three other men

watched the performance silently and each drew a breath of relief when the task was completed. "That's all, men," Meagle said, peeling off several bills from a large roll and handing them to the abductors. "Now beat it back to the power-plant. Have the dynamite placed in the designated spots and stand by for the signal."

The two men greedily snatched the money, jerked a half-hearted salute in Meagle's direction and disappeared through the door. Meagle went over to the Skyman, pushed his face back and sneered. "Well, Skyman, you were the one person I feared might upset my little plan to net a cool five million dollars. With you out of the way, it'll be quite simple. The new power plant will be blown to bits in precisely two hours and all that nice new equipment, insured to the tune of five million, goes with it."



One of the other three men laughed heartily. "Pretty clever of you, Meagle, inserting that advertisement in the 'Personal Notice' column. You practically invited the Skyman up here to his death—and he came willingly."

"That's what you think, fellows!" The rope binding the Skyman snapped like strips of confetti under the pressure of his tremendous muscles. With his left hand he seized the chair and sent it crashing into the midst of the startled onlookers. Meagle, cursing violently, raced to a table, opened a drawer and grasped an automatic. He levelled it at the Skyman's body and fired—but in



that fraction of a moment the Skyman fell to one side, cowboy fashion, and drawing his *stasimatic*, shot a bolt of paralyzing force. Meagle dropped the weapon and sank to the floor, totally unaware of what hit him.

"Now, gentlemen, the same thing's in store for you if you fail to do as I order!" The Skyman pointed the *stasimatic* at the other men sprawled on the floor. "Each of you will write out a complete confession of what you know about this insurance racket—as for friend Meagle, I'll take personal care of him."

The afternoon papers carried the amazing story in bold headlines. Pictures, too, of the police holding the dazed Meagle, who had been dropped by parachute onto the roof of police headquarters. And the exciting yarn of how the police surrounded and captured the men who intended to blow up the power-plant. And the story of the apprehension of the three other utility executives in the hunting lodge on Lake Crystal—with confessions pinned to their lapels.

Allan Turner, reading the startling article, smiled: "It was fun while it lasted, but I'm sure the Skyman wouldn't get into as much trouble if he followed the comic strips instead of the 'Personal Notice' column."







# Charlie CHAN

AS CHARLIE SPEEDS TO THE CARNIVAL TO INTERVIEW MARY'S HALF-BROTHER, JACK CONWAY, ABOUT THE CLOWN BUTTON DANTON TAKES YOUNG CONWAY 'FOR A RIDE' AND SLUGS HIM ON THE HEAD





# BIG SHOT COMICS





# BIG SHOT COMICS





# BIG SHOT COMICS





# MARVELO

## MONARCH OF MAGICIANS

ONCE AGAIN RAMUN THE EVIL ONE  
RETURNS TO CHALLENGE THE POWERS OF  
MARVELO - AND UPON THE OUTCOME  
DEPENDS THE WHOLE FUTURE OF THE  
WORLD----



SORRY TO BREAK UP OUR  
EVENING - BUT WE MUST  
LOOK INTO THIS  
MURDER--

QUITE  
ALL RIGHT,  
INSPECTOR.



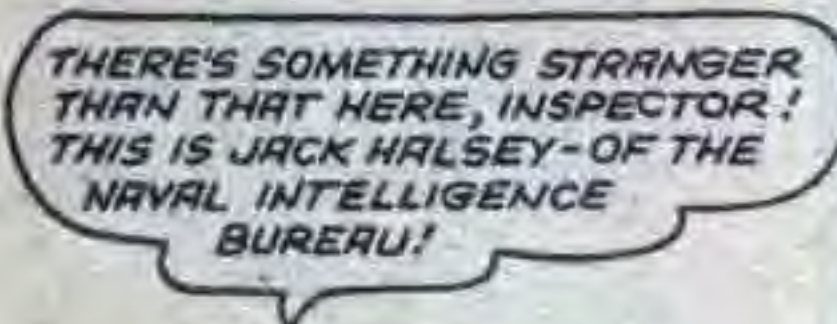
THANK HEAVENS  
YOU'VE COME,  
INSPECTOR!  
SOMETHING  
MIGHTY QUEER  
IS GOING ON  
HERE!

WHAT DO  
YOU MEAN,  
MACQUIRE?



ONLY A MOMENT  
AGO A KNIFE AS  
BIG AS A  
BAYONET WAS  
STICKING OUT OF  
THAT DEAD 'UN'S  
CHEST---AND NOW  
IT'S GONE!

WHAT?



THERE'S SOMETHING STRANGER  
THAN THAT HERE, INSPECTOR!  
THIS IS JACK HALSEY-OF THE  
NAVAL INTELLIGENCE  
BUREAU!



WHAT COULD  
BRING HIM  
TO THIS  
PESTILENT  
PLACE?

WE'LL SOON  
KNOW--HE'S  
STILL  
ALIVE!

LOOK  
OUT!



ONLY A MOVEMENT SWIFTER  
THAN LIGHT SAVES MARVELO

THANK THE  
LORD IT  
MISSED!

IT--IT'S THE  
MURDER  
KNIFE!



# BIG SHOT COMICS





# BIG SHOT COMICS





# BIG SHOT COMICS





# BIG SHOT COMICS

AT MARVELO'S WORD THE BULLETS BECOME BUTTERFLIES!



A TERRIFIC EXPLOSION SHAKES THE HOUSE!



BUT AS THEY DESPAIR FOR MARVELO'S LIFE--



ARE YOU HURT? WHAT HAPPENED?

I'M ALL RIGHT--THERE ARE TWO OF THEM IN THIS DEVIL'S BUSINESS AND THEY'RE ESCAPING BY AN UNDERGROUND WATER PASSAGE.



WE MUST CATCH THEM! THOSE MEN HAVE STOLEN THE BATTLE PLANS AND STRATEGIC MAPS OF THE U.S. PACIFIC FLEET!





# BIG SHOTCOMICS





# BIG SHOT COMICS





## DIXIE DUGAN

By J. P. McEVOY and J. H. STRIEBEL





# ROCKY RYAN



ONE THOUSAND MILES FROM NOWHERE A GIRL AVIATOR IS MAROONED ON A LOST TROPIC ISLE. WORKING LIKE A DEMON SHE REMOVES THE RADIO FROM HER SUNKEN PLANE AND TRIES TO CALL THE WORLD -

WHAT'S THE USE ? THIS THING WON'T WORK ! I'LL DIE HERE - ALONE ! HELPLESS !



TO MAKE MATTERS WORSE - SAVAGES ! IF THEY FIND ME, I'M LOST ! I - I'VE GOT TO GET SOMEWHERE WHERE THEY WON'T FIND ME !



COURAGEOUS ANY EVERY RACES INTO THE FOOTHILLS OF THE VOLCANIC MOUNTAINS

IF I CAN ONLY FIND A PLACE TO HIDE - TO BE SAFE UNTIL THOSE SAVAGES LEAVE THE ISLAND !



SHE FINDS A LITTLE CAVE

THIS LOOKS LIKE THE PLACE I WANT - THIS OUGHT TO MEAN - SAFETY !





# BIG SHOT COMICS

IN FAR-OFF SURABAYA IN THE EAST INDIES - ROCKY RYAN JOINS A FRIEND INTERESTED IN AMATEUR RADIO

I DON'T KNOW WHAT YOU AMATEUR "HAMS" GET OUT OF THIS EVERLASTING LISTENING TO PEOPLE FROM NOWHERE! THERE'S NO EXCITEMENT-

HEY, WAIT A MINUTE!

NO EXCITEMENT? LISTEN TO THIS - I THINK I'VE GOT AMY EVERY! THE LOST AVIATRIX!

WHA-AT?

IF THIS IS TRUE!

HELLO! HELLO! CAN ANYBODY HEAR ME, PLEASE? I'M AMY EVERY, LOST SOMEWHERE SOUTH OF SAMOA! I NEED HELP-

WHY NOT?

SHE WAS LOST MONTHS AGO! IF THAT CALL WASN'T A FAKE - I'M GOING AFTER HER!

HEY, WAIT FOR ME I'LL GO WITH YOU

I BOUGHT THAT LITTLE JOB IN SINGAPORE. IT'S SUPPOSED TO BE ABLE TO FLY THREE THOUSAND MILES WITHOUT REFUELING! SHALL WE TRY HER OUT?

BOY, YOU'VE GOT YOURSELF A CO-PILOT!

EVERYTHING LOOKS TO BE IN ORDER.

AND A RADIO - A GOOD ONE! THIS'S MY JOB! RADIO MAN, YOU CAN BE ALL THE PILOT YOURSELF!

UP FROM JUNGLED SURABAYA RISES THE STURDY AIRPLANE

HERE WE GO, DUBS! NEXT STOP, SAMOA -

AT SAMOA THEY STOP FOR MORE GASOLINE

I CAN'T GET ANOTHER PEEP OUT OF THAT DAME WHO SENT US THAT MESSAGE! MAYBE IT WAS JUST A FAKE!

FINE TIME TO TELL ME THAT. WE'LL KEEP GOING, JUST IN CASE!



# BIG SHOT COMICS





# BIG SHOT COMICS

THERE'S A LITTLE ISLAND OFF TO THE EAST. I'LL COME DOWN LOW OVER IT!

I'LL KEEP AN EYE PEELED FOR ANYTHING THAT LOOKS LIKE A WOMAN — OR SAVAGES, EITHER!



CANOES! NATIVE CANOES! SAY, THIS MAY BE THE RIGHT PLACE! LET'S LAND!



WHERE DO WE GO FROM HERE?

YOU GO LEFT AND I'LL HEAD RIGHT! FIRE A SHOT IF YOU RUN INTO TROUBLE!



AN UNCHARTED PACIFIC ISLAND CAN PRODUCE ALMOST ANYTHING IN THE LINE OF DANGER, SO I'LL BE PREPARED, AS THE BOY SCOUTS SAY!



ROCKY IS NOT PREPARED FOR AN OVERHEAD ATTACK! UGH! LOOK! WHITE MAN! WE GET, BRING TO FIJI, OUR CHIEFTAIN!



A ROPE DROPS FROM THE TREES AND SETTLES OVER HIS SHOULDERS!

I GUESS THIS IS A BLIND ALLEY. I-WHAT THE-!



MABBOLA NONGA!

IF YOU'RE CALLING ME A DIMWIT, I AGREE WITH YOU! CAUGHT LIKE A BABY! SOME ADVENTURER, I AM!



A REGULAR WAR PARTY! I SURE RAN INTO SOMETHING!





# BIG SHOT COMICS





# BIG SHOT COMICS

SUDDENLY A SHOT RINGS OUT. DUBS DUFFY HAS REACHED THE SHORE!

ZOWIE! WHAT A SHOT - THAT WAS!  
NOW IF I CAN SNAP THESE  
WATER-SOAKED BONDS -



BREAKING HIS BONDS WITH A QUICK SURGE OF HIS POWERFUL MUSCLES, ROCKY LEAPS TO THE ATTACK!

LET 'EM HAVE IT, AMY!  
LIKE THIS!

I'LL BE ONLY  
TOO GLAD TO!



I DON'T WANT HIM, SO  
YOU TAKE HIM!



THIS'LL TEACH 'EM  
NOT TO PLAY WITH  
FIRE!

THAT'LL MAKE 'EM  
SCRAM FAST ENOUGH!  
EITHER THAT OR GET  
LEFT HIGH AND DRY  
ON THIS LITTLE ISLAND!



FRIGHTENED AT THE THOUGHT OF BEING  
MAROONED, THE SAVAGES FLEE -

THEY ONLY USE THIS ISLAND  
TO WORSHIP ON. THEY  
WON'T BE BACK HERE IN 'A  
HURRY!

NEITHER WILL  
YOU, EH, AMY?



YOU SAID  
IT! HOW'D  
YOU EVER  
FIND ME?

DUBS THERE GETS THE CRED-  
IT FOR THAT! HE'S A RADIO  
EXPERT HE GOT YOUR SIGNALS  
AND WE CAME A-RUNNING!

AW, IT  
WASN'T  
ANY-  
THING!



I'M GOING TO FINISH  
MY ROUND-THE-WORLD  
TRIP WITH A NEW PLANE!  
HOW'D YOU LIKE  
TO BE MY RADIO MAN?

SWELL! THAT'D  
SUIT ME RIGHT  
TO A T!

TALKING  
ABOUT 'T'  
REMINDS ME  
OF FOOD!  
HOW ABOUT  
EATING,  
THEN TAKING  
OFF?



INTO THE RAYS  
OF THE DYING  
SUN ROCKY AND  
HIS TWO COM-  
RADES RIDE  
BACK TO CIVIL-  
IZATION AND  
SAFETY



ROCKY RYAN ADVENTURES  
ALL OVER THE GLOBE  
EVERY MONTH IN  
BIG SHOT COMICS



# SPARKY

by BOODY ROGERS



# WATTS

ABSOLUTELY THE WORLD'S STRONGEST MAN





# BIG SHOT COMICS





# BIG SHOT COMICS



LATER AT THE BALL PARK





# BIG SHOT COMICS





# MIKE the mascot





# The FACE

**A** GRIM AND ELUSIVE FIGURE, *THE FACE* HAS BROUGHT JUSTICE TO THOSE TOO WEAK TO GET IT FOR THEMSELVES AGAINST MEN SO CLEVER THE POLICE CANNOT TOUCH THEM! HIS HORRIBLE MASK, WEIRD AS A TORTURED NIGHTMARE, IS HIS SYMBOL FOR GOOD!

by  
MICHAEL  
BLAKE

**A**T RADIO STATION WBSC . . .

HE'S SIGNING OFF NOW, MISS YATES. HE'LL BE HERE IN A MOMENT!

OH, I HOPE HE CAN HELP ME! I CERTAINLY DO HOPE SO!

YOU KNOW *THE FACE*, MR. TONY TRENT. I—I WAS HOPING YOU COULD INTEREST HIM IN MY FATHER'S DEATH! I THINK THERE IS A SPY RING BEHIND IT, TRYING TO GET SOME OF THE UNITED STATES' MILITARY SECRETS!

TELL ME ABOUT IT!

MY FATHER WAS FOUND YESTERDAY MORNING, SHOT DEAD ON THE ROAD HOME. HE HAD BEEN GETTING A LOT OF THREATS LATELY . . .

GO ON . . .

**M**ISS YATES TELLS HER STORY: "DAD WAS A WORKER IN THE BETHLITE STEEL MILLS . . ."



# BIG SHOT COMICS





# BIG SHOT COMICS





# BIG SHOT COMICS



I HEARD  
A SHOT  
—OH!



WHAT A FACE!  
IT — IT'S  
AWFUL!

OHHH



I BOTCHED THAT JOB  
PLENTY, BUT HE WON'T  
ESCAPE FROM THE  
FACE — AGAIN!

THE FACE! RITA —  
MISS YATES — HAS  
SPOKEN ABOUT YOU!  
YOU DECIDED TO  
HELP HER? GOOD!  
COME IN THE HOUSE  
WHERE WE CAN TALK!



THAT MAN'S A FIEND! HE'S BEEN  
INTERFERING WITH WORK, TRYING  
TO START STRIKES, SEEKING INFORMATION  
ABOUT THE COUNTRY'S SECRETS!

I KNOW ALL THAT. THE  
QUESTION IS — CAN  
WE CATCH HIM? AND,  
IN THAT CONNECTION,  
WILL YOU HELP?



ME HELP? —  
CERTAINLY I WILL!  
BUT HOW?

LEAD THAT MAN ON. ACT AS  
THOUGH WHEN HE SHOT ME, YOU  
WERE FRIGHTENED. PRETEND TO  
DO WHAT HE TELLS YOU — AND  
LET ME KNOW! I'LL STAY WITH  
YOU UNTIL WE GET HIM!



NEXT MORNING AT THE PLANT ...

WELL, WHAT  
ABOUT IT?

I'—I'LL HELP YOU. ... I  
FOUND THAT MAN YOU  
KILLED LAST NIGHT! THE  
COPS ASKED QUESTIONS,  
BUT THEY DIDN'T  
BOTHER ME. I'LL DO  
WHAT YOU TELL ME TO!



MEET PETE  
AND BILL  
THEY'RE IN  
WITH ME, TOO!

HOW ARE  
YOU? GLAD  
TO KNOW YOU!

HI!



TO-NIGHT I'M GOING TO SMASH  
INTO THE OVERSEER'S OFFICE AND  
SWIPE THE PLANS FOR THAT NEW  
150 MILLIMETER GUN! YOU FELLOWS  
BE ON HAND TO HELP ME IF THE  
WATCHMAN COMES ALONG. .



# BIG SHOT COMICS





# BIG SHOT COMICS





# BIG SHOT COMICS





# BIG SHOT COMICS





# BIG SHOT

# GAME PAGE



D	O	R	T	P
U	A	C	E	E
T	L	H	S	L
E	K	I	W	S
A	R	P	B	A
T	O	N	U	T



**C**AN YOU SPELL THE NAMES OF AT LEAST TEN FRESH OR SALT WATER FISH BY STARTING FROM CERTAIN LETTERS AND MOVING TO THE NEXT ADJOINING LETTER IN ANY DIRECTION? THE ARROWS SHOW HOW TO SPELL "ROACH" FOR EXAMPLE. TRY TO SPELL NINE OTHER FISH



**L**ET'S SEE IF YOU CAN MAKE THREE TRINGERS IN FIVE TRIALS. START ONCE FROM EACH STAR AND TRACE ALONG ON THE CROOKED LINES. WHEN THEY FORK GO EITHER WAY YOU WISH IN THE DIRECTIONS OF ARROWS

**T**WO OR MORE PERSONS MAY PLAY THIS GAME. LAY THE PAPER ON A FLAT SURFACE. TAKE TURNS DROPPING A SMALL COIN ON THE RABBITS FROM ABOUT A FOOT ABOVE THEM.

**A**DD THE NUMBER OF LBS. ON EACH RABBIT THE COIN TOUCHES.



**T**HE PLAYER WHO CATCHES 50 LBS. FIRST, WINS. IF YOU START BY LOSING YOU MUST REGAIN THAT MANY LBS. BEFORE YOU ARE EVEN.

A. W. NUGENT





# Be a RADIO Technician

Many make **\$30 \$40 \$50** a week

**I Train Beginners at Home for Good Spare Time and Full Time Radio Jobs**

**J. E. SMITH, President, National Radio Institute**  
Established 25 years  
He has directed the training of more men for the Radio Industry than anyone else.



**Set Servicing** pays many N. R. I. trained Radio Technicians \$30, \$40, \$50 a week. Others hold their regular jobs and make \$5 to \$10 extra a week in spare time.

**Broadcasting Stations** employ N. R. I. trained Radio Technicians as operators, installation, maintenance men and in other capacities and pay well.



**Loudspeaker System** building, installing, servicing and operating is another growing field for N. R. I. trained Radio Technicians.



**Radio Operators** find good jobs with Government Departments, Shipping Companies and in Commercial Aviation; opportunities are increasing in these fields.



Here is a quick way to more pay. Radio offers a way to make \$5, \$10 a week extra in spare time a few months from now, *plus* the opportunity for a permanent job in the growing Radio Industry. There is an increasing demand for full time Radio Technicians and Radio operators. Many make \$30, \$40, \$50 a week. On top of a large demand for Radio sets and equipment for civilian use, the Radio industry is getting millions and millions of dollars in defense orders. Clip the coupon below and mail it. Find out how I train you for these opportunities.

## Jobs Like These Go to Men Who Know Radio

The 882 broadcasting stations in the U. S. employ thousands of Radio Technicians with average pay among the country's best paid industries. Repairing, selling, servicing, installing home and auto Radio receivers (there are more than 50,000,000 in use) gives good jobs to thousands. Many N. R. I. trained Radio Technicians take advantage of the opportunities to have their own full time or spare time service or retail Radio businesses. Think of the many good jobs in connection with Aviation, Commercial, Police Radio and Public Address Systems. N. R. I. gives you the required knowledge of Radio for these jobs. N. R. I. trains you to be ready when Television opens jobs in the future. Yes, N. R. I. trained Radio Technicians make good money because they use their heads as well as their hands. They are **THOROUGHLY TRAINED**. Many N. R. I. trained men hold their regular jobs, and make extra money fixing Radio sets in spare time.

## I Train Men to be Radio Operators Too

Yes, N. R. I. trained men pass Government Radio-telegraph license examinations. We teach not only all required knowledge of Radio principles, but also have a modern Code Course—can supply all instruments and code practice exercises for gaining commercial sending and receiving speeds. Read about our Special Code Course in "Rich Rewards in Radio." Government Departments, Commercial Aviation and shipping companies employ a large number of Radio Operators and the number of jobs is increasing.

## Why Many Radio Technicians Make \$30, \$40, \$50 a Week

Radio is already one of the country's large industries even though it is still young and growing. The arrival of Television, the use of Radio principles in industry, Frequency Modulation are but a few of many recent Radio developments. More than 28,000,000 homes have one or more Radios. There are more Radios than telephones. Every year millions of Radios go out of date and are replaced. Millions more need new tubes, repairs, etc. Over 5,000,000 auto Radios are in use and thousands more are being sold every day. In every branch, Radio is offering opportunities for which I give you the required knowledge of Radio at home in your spare time. Yes, the few hundred \$30, \$40, \$50 a week jobs of 20 years ago have grown to thousands.

## Beginners Quickly Learn to Earn \$5, \$10 a Week Extra in Spare Time

Nearly every neighborhood offers opportunities for a good part time Radio Technician to make extra money fixing Radio sets. I give you special training to show you how to start cashing in on these opportunities early. You get Radio parts and instructions for building test equipment, for conducting experiments which give you valuable practical experience.

## You Also Get This Professional Servicing Instrument



This instrument makes practically any test you will be called upon to make in Radio service work on both spare time and full time jobs. It can be used on the test bench, or carried along when out on calls. It measures A.C. and D.C. voltages and currents; tests resistances; has a built-in oscillator for checking set, old or new. You get a instrument to keep for the rest of your N. R. I. life.



## Extra Pay in Army, Navy, too

Every man likely to go into military service, every soldier, sailor, marine should mail the Coupon Now! Learning Radio helps men get extra rank, extra prestige, more interesting duty at pay up to 4 times a private's base pay. Also prepares for good Radio jobs after the service ends. **IT'S SMART TO TRAIN FOR RADIO NOW!**



## Find Out How N. R. I. Teaches Radio and Television

Act today. Mail coupon now for 64-page book. It's **FREE**. It points out Radio's spare time and full time opportunities and those coming in Television; tells about my course in Radio and Television; shows more than 100 letters from men I trained, telling what they are doing and earning. Find out what Radio offers you. Mail coupon in envelope or paste on penny postcard—**NOW!**

**J. E. SMITH, President**  
Dept. 1MN  
National Radio Institute  
Washington, D. C.

## I Trained These Men

### \$10 a Week Extra in Spare Time



"I repaired some Radio sets when I was on my tenth lesson. I really don't see how you can give so much for such a small amount of money. I made \$6.00 in a year and a half, and I have made an average of \$10 a week—just spare time."

**JOHN JERRY, 1729 Penn St., Denver, Colorado.**

### Makes \$50 a Week

"I am making around \$50 a week after all expenses are paid, and I am getting all the Radio work I can take care of, thanks to N. R. I." **H. W. SPANGLER, 126½ S. Gay St., Knoxville, Tenn.**



### Operates Public Address System



"I have a position with the Los Angeles Civil Service operating the Public Address System in the City Hall Council. My salary is \$170 a month." **R. H. ROOD, R. 136 City Hall, Los Angeles, Calif.**

## FREE TO MEN WHO WANT BETTER JOBS

**J. E. SMITH, President, Dept. 1MN  
National Radio Institute, Washington, D. C.**

Dear Mr. Smith: Mail me **FREE**, without obligation, your 64-page book, "Rich Rewards in Radio," which points out Radio's opportunities and tells how you train men at home to be Radio Technicians. (No salesman will call. Please write or print plainly.)

Age.....

Name.....

Address.....

City..... State.....

